# All My Soul Within Me Burning

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# All My Soul Within Me Burning

by amoralagent

Summary

*There's no doubt in his mind that Hannibal Lecter is at least in part capable of telepathy, because as soon as Will contemplates falling asleep whilst slowly being crushed to death, he stirs.*

Hannibal apparently decided Will would make a good alternative to a mattress at some point in the night. Slowly being crushed under his weight, Will finds he doesn't mind it at all.

Notes

Title: The Raven by Edgar Allan Poe

Will wakes up with a weight on his back that, for a moment, he thinks is one of the many overbearing dogs who'd broken into the room in the most unwelcome hours of the night. Then he realises that there isn't quite enough hair for it to be a dog.

It was an offensive amount of weight actually, especially against his lower back, his pelvis digging into the mattress- he could feel his ribcage straining to inhale but it wasn't particularly uncomfortable. He felt minute puffs of breath just between his shoulder blades, sleeping but unsettled. Tickling, like downy feathers before plumage. Suppressing the overwhelming urge to smile, all but laugh, he reckoned that it would only take a deep breath to awaken the beast on top of him- he was surprised merely blinking didn't do the trick, knowing Hannibal.

Conversations about nightmares were too common between them; Will would tell of being swallowed by the ocean, twisting and rising, flung around by the waves like a leaf in a hurricane. His chest cavity being breached by water as black as tar, syrupy thickness he couldn't drink fast enough, clogging his throat, sticky in his lungs. He'd hide his face in a pillow and recall dreams drenched in blood. Sometimes he'd swear he could taste saltwater in his mouth when he'd wake up as he felt needles break the skin of his eyelids, or the scrabbling claws of fear rip the flesh between his ribs. Hannibal would offer his hands and words, soothing, fight Will into a securing hug when he'd fly into panic upon waking. After all the shushing and ragged breaths Will would ask if he too experienced foul dreams, and Hannibal would say he didn't know.

Will knew better.

Some nights he'd be stirred from his sleep by Hannibal's fingers tightening their grip, just a subtle act of holding him that little bit closer. Then he'd hear his breath become intermittent- not panting, but like it would be after crying- heartbeat increasing almost undetectably under Will's palm. And he'd know. Most of the time pushing a thigh across Hannibal's waist or shifting his weight against him unhinged the nightmare. Will wouldn't bring it up afterwards; Hannibal wouldn't talk about it, but Will knew.

On the rare occasion, Will would be woken with teeth. It was extremely rare, but it had happened more than once. Hannibal's bite would connect with the skin of Will's neck, or shoulder, or arm, never hard enough to draw blood, but present enough to startle him awake, maybe bruise. He'd find Hannibal still asleep, and he'd sigh, and try to calm his heart rate.

Silently, Will would ache in the knowledge of who Hannibal was picturing in Will's place, of whom he was undoubtably tasting again: breathing erratic in the throes of reliving trauma, knuckles white. He'd place his hands around him, shush his internal sobs, and hazard a kiss to his face, if he could reach. Hannibal would relax again, body slack, but the biting would only dull to the delicate drag of bone against skin. Never fully letting go.

As ridiculous as it was, Will would fall back asleep. In the jaws of a cannibal.

He could tell that Hannibal's breathing signalled horror playing behind his eyes, mind unlocked and spiralling. Will closed his eyes and focused on the subtle twitch of Hannibal's

hands on him, unable to embrace or console in such a position.

There's no doubt in his mind that Hannibal Lecter is at least in part capable of telepathy, because as soon as Will contemplates falling asleep whilst slowly being crushed to death, he stirs. Will feels eyelashes against his skin, then the weight lifting, but only some, Hannibal's hands denting the mattress either side of him. A trail of soft kisses trailed all the way up to his shoulder, punctuated by a graze of teeth in a kiss on the nape of his neck. Will sighed deeply and hummed to the touch.

"Oh, *hello there.*" Will grumbled, sarcastic, voice rough with disuse, side-eyeing him with a smile. He took the opportunity to flex the tight muscles of his back, arching, "Sleep well, did we?" Hannibal hummed then, "Y'know, when I said you take my breath away, it wasn't an invitation."

He perched his chin atop the space above Will's shoulder blade and smiled back: "Is this what being told off by you feels like?" Hannibal asked, deep and heavily accented, inclining his head and studying Will's profile, "I didn't notice you move, if I was suffocating you."

"I'm being very kind; you're awfully heavy though. Plus, it's hard to move when you're *on top of me*." Hannibal leaned down, pressing himself back onto him and breathing in his scent. Turns out Hannibal was between his thighs, unbeknownst to Will. He sighed, trying his best to sound exasperated, even when Hannibal nudged his face down to his ear, purring.

"Is that so?" Will didn't need to see the broad line of his shoulders to know they were there, foreboding and wide, like a wild creature over prey, possessive in it's stance.

"I can *feel* what you're getting at and I'm not interested," Will breathed, closed his eyes, and felt kisses again; Hannibal acting like a very weighty safety blanket (but also a very aroused one).

"Are you sure?" Was spoken against his spine as the lips moved lower, and lower, and lower, until Will kicked a leg back to hit Hannibal in the stomach sharply, his weight shifting off of him, kissing stopping entirely. Before Hannibal could say anything he turned onto his side and looked down to meet his eyes, quelling a smile that threatened to widen at the look of soft curiosity that greeted him.

He held Hannibal's face towards him with a warm, gentle hand, exchanging a look that could set the room alight: "You're getting nothing from me until I get a back massage." And he let go of his lover's jaw and turned over again, burying his face into the pillow: "*Then*, you can do as you please."

Out of view, Hannibal admires the expanse of the body before him, of the man, tender yet scornful, glowing in morning sunlight, and reaches out to touch, firm. Affirming. Real. *His*.

Without hesitation, he did as he was told like a classic sculptor forming Titans from glistening marble, bending and smoothing, strong, as if trying to contain an ever-expanding being that only he could know to hold. The noises he drew comparable to choir. He moved his hands along Will with just as much expertise as a craftsman, an artist, and: with just as much love.

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